

Room for Sophie.  
Sophie, the maid, was cross, and little Richmond did not like her.  
In his prayer the other night he said: "God bless papa and mamma and Harold and Willie and Helen."  
"But you haven't said: 'God bless Sophie,'" reminded his mother.  
"Oh, well," Richmond said resignedly, "let her go in with the bunch!"—  
Bohemian Magazine.

#### PROBATE DOCKET.

Term Docket of the Probate Court of Iron County, Mo.—May Term, A. D. 1909.

Monday, May 10th.

Matters continued from last term, and demands tried against estates:

Arthur Huff, Administrator with the authenticated will annexed, of the estate of Harriet H. Emerson, deceased.  
E. C. Fitts, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Edgar Fitts, a minor, final—now of age.

W. T. Gay, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of George S. Gilman, a minor.  
W. T. Gay, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Charles P. Kable, a minor.

William Middleton, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Harvey G. Middleton, a minor.

Tuesday, May 11th.

Albert Radford, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Maude E. Radford, a minor.

W. H. Delano, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of John Sands, an insane person.

William Hampton, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Louis H. Wheeler, a minor.

Azariah Martin, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Franklin Sutton, a minor.

Azariah Martin, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Harold Sutton, a minor.

Azariah Martin, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Ruby Sutton, a minor.

Wednesday, May 12th.

Marion Lewis, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of William Sutton, a minor.

Marion Lewis, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Vincent Sutton, a minor.

Marion Lewis, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Walter Sutton, a minor.

Marion Lewis, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Nim Sutton, a minor.

Marion Lewis, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Perry Sutton, a minor.

Marion Lewis, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Otto Sutton, a minor.

Thursday, May 13th.

Anna Backof, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Edward Backof, a minor.

Anna Backof, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Margaret Backof, a minor.

Anna Backof, Guardian of the person and Curator of the estate of Harry Backof, a minor.

Friday, May 14th.

A. L. Schwab, Administrator of the estate of Thomas Beard, deceased, final.

Edward Coad, Curator of the estate of William F. O'Brien, a minor, final.

Edward Coad, Curator of the estate of Charles M. O'Brien, a minor.

John F. Logan, Guardian and Curator of the estate of John F. C. Logan, dec'd, final.

Saturday, May 15th.

Amanda Swearing, Administratrix with will annexed of estate of Frank Swearing, deceased.

Rev. John Adrian, Guardian and Curator of the estate of John Cary, a minor.

Rev. John Adrian, Guardian and Curator of the estate of Mary Cary, a minor.

E. L. BARNHOUSE, Judge of Probate and Ex-Officio Clerk.

#### Bids for Depositary County Funds.

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received by the County Court of Iron County, Missouri, until noon of the first day of the May term, 1909, of said Court, from Banking Corporations, Associations and Individual Bankers in said County, for the deposit of the County Funds, District School Funds and Capital School Funds of said County for the two years next ensuing the date of said bids.

Such proposals or bids must state the largest rate of interest that said Banking Corporation, Association or Individual Banker will pay on the daily balances to the credit of the said County with said Depositary, on said funds, as provided by law, for the privilege of being made the depositary of such funds. Said proposals must further specify the rate of exchange, if any, said Banking Corporation, Association, or Individual Banker will charge, and said proposals must be accompanied by a duly certified check on some solvent bank for not less than one-half of one per cent. of the County Revenue of said County for the preceding year, payable to the Treasurer of said County, as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the bidder, and that if his bid should be accepted he will enter into a bond as the law provides.

No bid will be considered unless said certified check accompanies the same.

The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

JOS. A. REYBURN, Clerk Iron County Court.

#### Bids for Depository of Funds of Iron School District, No. 1, Townships 33 and 34, Ranges 3 and 4 East.

The Board of Education of the Ironton School District, will receive sealed proposals from any banking corporation, association or individual banker in said Ironton School District desiring to become depositary of the funds of said district from the time a selection may be made for the ensuing two years, and will proceed to open same at the Public School Building, Ironton, Mo., at 8 o'clock P. M., on

Friday, May 14, 1909;

that banking corporations, associations, or individual bankers in said district submitting sealed proposals, must state the rate of interest to be paid, and each bid must be accompanied by a check for not less than one-half of one per cent. of the School District revenue of the preceding year as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the bidder; and that the Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Done by order of the School Board, Ironton, Mo., April 8th, 1909.

W. H. DELANO, Secretary Board of Education.

WM. R. EDGAR

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

IRONTON, MO.

Practices in all the Courts of the State.

# The Redfields.

BY LILLIAN W. HALE.

A STORY CONCERNING EVERYDAY PEOPLE. (Continued from last week.)

"Do you never think of going back to Georgia?"

"Sho! de plantation sit gone, house an' quarters all burnt in de wah an' de lan sold—reckon one dem cypress-baggers don't got it. An' everybody I knowed done dade long 'go."

Clinker turned the talk to the sermon and tried to renew her terror, but he seemed to fail; when he set her down, he remarked carelessly: "I heard to-day, Auntie, that this place is hoo-dooed and Richard is trying to sell it." He saw a sudden change come over her face. "Did Marse Richard say 'twas hoo-dooed?" she asked anxiously.

"Not to me, I don't know him; but it's the talk in town." She muttered something in which he caught the word "judgment," and then thanked him for her ride and turned into her little gate.

"There is no hurry, let it work," said Clinker to himself, starting his team towards the livery barn where his horses were cared for.

"I'll run up over Sunday and report progress to Redfield; he will be glad to know what I have accomplished, and I shall see Elizabeth—my sweet girl!" A hot wave seemed to pass over him as he thought again of her arms clasping him in the dark piazza.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

The large court-room was filled to overflowing with the rustling, curious crowd, the whispering, gazing people who in all the ages have have not lost the thirst for a life-and-death struggle, and would turn



GERALD SOULE WALKED TO THE PRISONER'S DOCK.

down thumbs as eagerly as they did in imperial Rome, did the laws of advanced civilization permit. As it is, they perform content themselves with the battles over the lives of men, which like gladiators are forfeit to the law.

Gerald Soule walked to the prisoner's dock, his proud head held high, his haughty glance sweeping the crowd.

A ripple of compassion from the many women present was the tribute to his beauty. Very incongruous was his look of unbending pride with the convict's clothes he wore.

After three hours of skirmishing and delays of various kinds, Stanley rose to speak. He prayed the continuance of the case until the next term of court for want of material testimony, yet to be obtained.

A disapproving murmur rose; the crowd was cheated of its spectacle; there was to be no contest in the arena; this splendid victim was not to be thrown to the beasts, at least not for a time.

"And his beautiful wife is not here; I wanted to see her," one woman said to another.

In the dimmest corner a man sat, and when the continuance was granted, and the next criminal case called, he rose and was going out when the sheriff came to the door with Gerald; the men met face to face; Gerald could not be paler than he was. Richard said to him, "I'll have her yet; you are done for!"



"IF I DIED TEN THOUSAND DEATHS YOU COULD NOT MAKE HER YOURS."

"You will again change into my clothing," said Gerald, touching his convict's stripes significantly. "If I died ten thousand deaths, you could not make her yours!"

The crowd separated them and Richard went away.

An idle "sporty" looking man sauntered after him; no one could suspect

him of shadowing Richard; he had, however, not lost sight of him since Clinker had placed a large sum of money in his hands and told him to keep him in sight which he had in various remarkably clever ways, that, as this is not a story of "Old Sleuth," it is not necessary to do so.

The man, however, was of medium height, very strong, with infantile eyes, and hair, and moustache, and skin all white; he looked the most harmless and cherublike of men; his manner was genial and he never seemed to have a thought of care; he sang tender ballads perpetually.

He was at present singing "Annie Rooney" as his tender blue eyes never left Richard.

Stanley saw them get into the same street car; he followed them after he had an interview with Gerald.

"I wish you had let it go on, Redfield," he said when they were left alone in his cell. "Why didn't you?"

"I know it is hard to wait; it is a fearful trial, just to wait, but there are two things to wait for—one to catch Richard, and the other for interest in you to add. There is ten per cent every month added to chances of acquittal if a man be kept quiet and forgotten; the public gets tired of waiting and takes up new sensations and when the anticipated trial does occur, it is a thing that is past; interest will revive only spasmodically and very briefly, and the harrowing circumstances are forgotten or overlaid with others which, if not more harrowing, are fresher. If your trial were delayed a year, it would attract almost no attention."

"You are a good student of human nature, Redfield; what you say is true—the eye of the public is only focused momentarily, even on the greatest. I am glad Aileen and my mother did not come into that mob; I wish they might never have to come; I would rather be convicted and hanged, if it were not for clearing my name for her sake, than have her face the rabble and know their coarse comments upon her."

"Keep those thoughts down, Soule; she would face the world, she would stand in a pillory for you."

"So she would, God bless her, but it does not follow that I enjoy seeing her in a pillory for my sake."

"I think I'll go now. Do you want any more books?"

"I'd like my engineering books; I am somewhat rusty. When I get out, I shall try and get work again."

"Work at engineering? When you have the enormous fortune left by your grandfather?"

"He left it to Aileen, not to me, and the only use I can ever make of that is to get me out of prison, which is only



"I WILL TOMORROW HAVE TELEGRAMS THAT WILL SATISFY YOU AS TO MY FAMILY."

just, since it got me in! But not a cent of his money will I touch. My mother will give me money of hers to get a new set of instruments. Well, good-bye. Tell Aileen to come tomorrow and to bring my books; she has them."

Richard Soule sat moodily staring before him in the room at the hotel where we first made his acquaintance.

"Delayed for material testimony. It can't be old Watson, the janitor, he's dead. They can't drag a word out of Delilah, even with torture. I'll go down and see her though; I have not seen her for two years, and her faculties might give way and so make her dangerous. If that's the case, she must go South. I am afraid my luck is turning." He gloomily scraped some dried mud from his boot heel with his pocket knife. He had the latent superstition ingrained in him by constant association with Delilah through all his childhood; she was a devout believer in the African voo-doomism, having been brought from the Gold Coast in her infancy. No after amount of education and enlightenment could any more than cover over the surface of the strange teachings of a superstitious negro, whose influence is little counteracted.

From his mother's death until he was fourteen, when he was sent to school, Delilah had sat by his bedside nightly until he fell asleep, and she related, wonderfully well, stories of old Africa, which had been inherited from her mother and grandmother, who were captured at the same time as herself. He did not burn in effigy, nor did he practice any of the signs and wonders believed to be efficacious in destroying an enemy, though he

and tried charms and potions to win Aileen's love; he had twice succeeded in making her so ill that he suspected Delilah of giving him poison for a potion, for she was deeply jealous of Aileen, even when she wished to secure to her darling his heart's desire.

He took a very early train the next morning, thereby eluding the chagrined and cherublike Charley, whose greatest virtue was not rising with the lark.

He, however, sauntered into the depot whistling in a sad and mournful manner the strains of "The Little Peach of Emerald Hue," and easily traced the flight of his bird by a few careless and adroit remarks to his friend the ticket seller, after which he went back up town to Stanley's office singing blithely, "After the Ball," which was so new that people stopped to listen to his sweet voice, and "Sweet Marie," had not been born.

Stanley and Clinker were together.

"Gone!" said Clinker, stopping his warble just long enough to say the word.

"Where?" asked both men at once.

"Home," after concluding his chorus.

"Jove! it's lucky I came away from here; it would have been ruin to have had him see me there. I am afraid he will upset my work," Clinker said.

"It is most fortunate that—" began Stanley, leaving his sentence unfinished, he turned and gazed from the window in deep thought.

"That I could not stand it another day without seeing my precious town-head," said the amorous Thomas to himself.

"Don't think he's gone for long," said Charley; "he didn't take much baggage, only a valise, and keeps his room."

"I think you need not follow him; he will stay about I think, until the trial, unless something scares him off. Take a holiday Charley; I think my chances with the old woman will not be hurt by his going down there; if she gets the idea in her head that she or he or both of them are hoodooed, she will say 'kismet' under pressure and throw up the game. What do you think, Red?"

"It is best to let him alone; now that we know him, he can't get lost. And there is no hurry; the case does not come up until December. Let old Delilah alone too; only we must have someone there to see that she does not die unexpectedly."

"You don't think Soule will kill her, do you?" asked Clinker. Charley winked one eye.

"He's too afraid of hoodoo himself; bright fellow though; well educated, a very fool to ruin himself for Mrs. Soule, particularly if she doesn't care for him."

"A man may ruin himself for a woman who does—love him?"

"Y-e-s, in limits."

"Well," said Tom, rising with alacrity, "if I am off duty for a bit, I'll go play tennis with the twins, and telegraph the livery-stable fellows down yonder to ship my team up here."

Charley followed him with a wink, and singing one of the latest variety songs, rolled himself a cigarette.

"What are you winking at, Charley?" asked Stanley, turning from the window.

"Benedict the married man." And, lighting his cigarette, he left the office.

#### CHAPTER IX.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't see that there is anything I can do, Dudley; there is just this, I can't do—tell him."

"You'll be obliged to, for you can't keep a tandem team dancing and prancing like that. I don't see why he didn't ask me anyhow."

"You? The cart isn't big enough for three, Dudley; it's a shame! I don't know what made mother such a crank—I am just dying to ride with Tom—I mean those horses."

"Exactly! If I were to borrow those slashing chestnuts and take you for a spin, mother couldn't object, as she does to your going with the amiable Thomas and—"

"Go with you? Of course not!" Elizabeth was distinctly cross. "She does object; she forbids me, absolutely."

"Elizabeth, it is not long since you would have gone anywhere with me, and now you say 'of course not.'"

Dudley turned away deeply hurt. "I'll go and see if I can't induce her to consent."

"Oh, Dudley, I was a brute! I didn't mean it that way."

"You meant Mr. Clinker another way. We are not twins any more; we are strangers. You care more for Clinker than for all of us in a bunch. Don't look so dismal; you can't help it. Ah! there he is," and Dudley looked with a severe expression on the agile Thomas as he cleared the fence and came to them, radiant, where they were standing on the front steps.

"Not ready!" he asked, looking sharply at Elizabeth's downcast face and at Dudley's sulky one.

"I—mother says I can't go riding with you—"

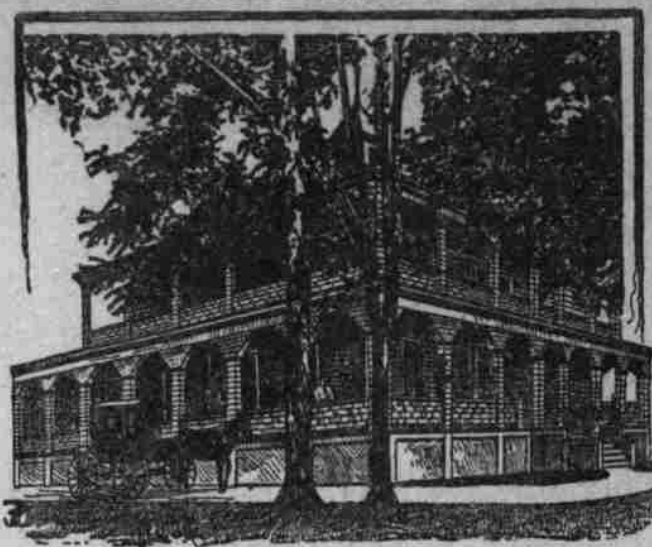
"What's to pay Dudley? why can't she ride with me?" He had a very thunderous look upon his alway frank and jovial face. "What have I done that your mother objects to her riding with me?"

"I don't know; she just now told me that mother did not want her to ride with you alone—that's all I know about it."

Clinker looked thoughtful—a suspicion (Continued next week.)

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As I am preparing to remove to Ironton, I offer at Low Prices my stock of SADDLERY, HARNESS, GROCERIES, ETC. I am

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ORDER OF PUBLICATION.  
STATE OF MISSOURI, ss.  
COUNTY OF IRON.

In the Probate Court of said County—in vacation, March 28th, 1909.

Estate of Jane Dean, deceased.  
Now on this 9th day of March, 1909, comes Ami Dean, by his attorney, Chas. P. Damron, as administrator of the estate of Jane Dean, deceased, and presents to the Court his petition praying for an order of sale for certain real estate, as follows, to wit: All of lots number one, (1), two, (2), and three, (3), except five feet off the entire length of lot number three, (3), on the west side thereof, all in block number three, (3), in the town of Des Arc, in Iron County, and State of Missouri, to pay the debts of said estate. Which said petition was accompanied by the accounts, lists and inventories, as required by law, showing that said estate is indebted and that said debts are unpaid, and that there are not sufficient assets on hand to pay the same.

On examination thereof, it is ordered by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be notified that application, as aforesaid, has been made, and that unless the contrary be shown on or before the first day of the next term of this Court, to be held on the 10th day of May, next, (1909), an order will be made for the sale of the real estate in such petition described, or so much thereof as shall be sufficient for the payment of said debts, and the expenses of said debts, and the expenses of such sale.

And it is further ordered that this notice be published in the IRON COUNTY REGISTER, a weekly newspaper published in said County of Iron, and State of Missouri, for four weeks prior to the next term of this Court.

STATE OF MISS